

It is never too hot or too cold to do a good deed.—Anonymous.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—Pope.

SEVENTEEN

GIRLS AND BOYS GAIN MUCH FROM MINISTER'S WORK

Energies Directed to Improvement of Young Folk Producing Evident Results.

Take a few hundred offsprings of the nations of the earth; endow them with the characteristic, happy-go-lucky irresponsibility of youth; throw this motley crew into the greatest of melting pots—the street; stir well with the paddle of poverty or parental absence or neglect; season this human stew generously with the crap game in the alley and the saloon around the corner with the everenticing swinging door; flavor with the viciousness of older companions; then turn on the heat—Hawaii's shining sun—and watch this strange concoction bubble.

What is the result? What boils over the unprotected edges of the grimy pot? What drops down into the scorching flames of licentiousness, crime and remorse to shrivel into the ashes of the court and prison or on to the insane asylum, poorhouse or grave? Why, the boys and girls of Hawaii, of course, from any district or home.

Prevention Versus Cure

What is the cure? As one of these same youngsters would say, "There ain't no such animal." The reform schools fill and overflow and the discharged inmates come back, with worse crimes booked against their youthful names; the juvenile judge's brow grows wrinkled with the worry of his wards and still their petty thievery, malicious injuries and depredations go on.

But an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure, the old proverb goes, and sometimes the pound increases more than 16 times in avoirdupois.

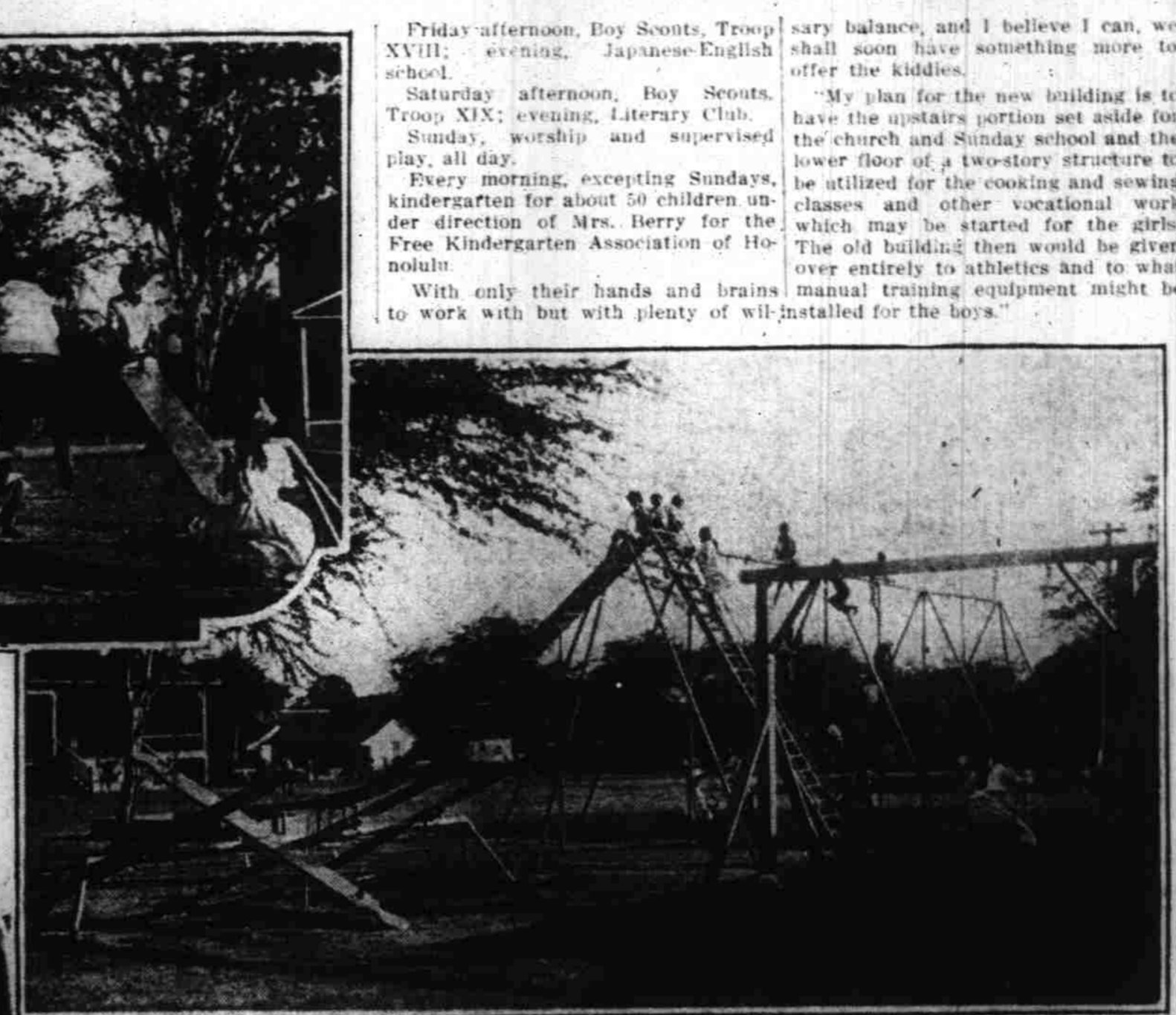
Next question: What is the preventive?

Up Palama and Kalihi way, along the route of the Rapid Transit cars, in plain view of those who care to go and to see, is the preventive. It compares favorably with the barren reform school walls, the solemn court gravel, the bars of the jail—in a nutshell, with the fear of the law. Hawaiian boys and girls, like all American children generally, do not fear, at least not the typical ones; they love and respect and admire. And if the latter traits can be developed in the soul of youth, there is the preventive, the cure, the solution, all in one.

Much Publicity Given.

Palama Settlement and the "Better Vacation" movement at Kaula school have all been dwelt upon, not only once but often by the Star-Bulletin. Each has been remarkably successful in building the child from the ground up and the heart out; each has had the hearty support of the Star-Bulletin; the columns have always been open to earnest workers in these and other similar movements. But far up Kalihi way, where the winding avenue climbs closer to the setting sun is a concrete example of a successful movement for the preservation of manhood and womanhood in Hawaii which has not yet been

From Small Beginning Kalihi Union Church Conducts Great Work



Upper left—Boys and girls of the Kalihi playground on the teeter-totter and romping around the giant slide in the background. Lower left—Rev. C. H. McVey, pastor of Kalihi Union church and superintendent of the playground. Center—Cpl. McLeod, one of McVey's Fort Shafter assistants. Right—A good view of the new metallic apparatus showing the children in the steel slide, in the steel-linked swing and the ordinary ones, and climbing all over the horizontal bars and other recreational devices. Rev. McVey's residence in the background. All of the equipment is built solid but safe and comfortable.

brought to public notice to any extent through the press although many individuals know and appreciate the good work.

The new "man factory" is the Kalihi Union church playground and the moulders of the destinies of the young are Rev. and Mrs. Charles McVey and their various assistants.

Was Soldier Five Years

When McVey came to Hawaii May 17 he found very little with which to work for the boys and girls at the church, but a soldier in the army for five years and a smashing play on the University of Minnesota football eleven instilled considerable of the spirit necessary to meet difficulties and obstacles more than half way and to conquer them. He decided that the coming men and women in that district should not go into their majority woefully handicapped, and he started to work for their salvation, not alone from the pulpit but from the playground and field.

Backed by willing church trustees, financed by voluntary contributions of

a personal private nature and materially assisted, especially in the girls work, by his wife, who bloomed to womanhood in the Montana mountains and took her higher education from the state university, the McVey's efforts brought about a thorough organization of the boys and girls with the best set of playground equipment in Honolulu at their disposal.

In the short five-month period he has been here, McVey has organized two full troops of Boy Scouts of 20 each, which will soon be admitted to the regular organization; has started an auxiliary organization of those too young to be scouts, known as the Indian scouts; has established a library, a literary society, sewing and cooking classes for the girls and installed a \$1000 apparatus for play.

In the accompanying pictures may be seen the rings, climbing pole, swinging ladder, horizontal bars, steel swings, steel slide and sand pile, extra swings, see-saws, giant stride, vaulting horse and baby swings which are included in the new apparatus, but many more beneficial recreations such as all the indoor and outdoor games of ball and the trapeze in the church are just as important and interesting.

Besides all this, there is an organized baseball team and a quarter mile track nearly completed for races. In

charge of the boys' and girls' physical careers and assisting McVey in athletic activities are Sgt. William Long and Corp. Ernest McLeod of Fort Shafter, one of whom is on the playground in care of the children every afternoon in the week.

Daily Attendance Large
Miss Eunice Carter of the Y. W. C. A. is in charge of physical direction of the girls' work and finds that the daily attendance of between 150 and 200 at the playground is easily half girls. McVey says the attendance would be 10 times that number if there were more room and more playground equipment. Another set similar to the handsome metallic apparatus which was selected and installed by the new minister at an expense of about \$850 is needed right now, he says.

To appreciate just what is being done at the Kalihi Union church every afternoon and evening one must see a typical weekly program there which runs something like this:

Everybody is Busy
Monday afternoon, supervised play; evening, Young Men's Athletic Club.

Tuesday afternoon, girls' sewing class; evening, Japanese-English school.

Wednesday afternoon, Indian scouts (40); evening, Christian Endeavor (50).

Thursday afternoon, camp fire girls (40); evening, Young Women's Club.

ling subjects and lots of support from their church, Mr. and Mrs. McVey have wrought all these wonders and are busily planning for more.

One Stove for 40

Two of the wonders accomplished was conducting a sewing class of 55 with two sewing machines, and a cooking class of 40 with one gas stove. Mrs. McVey says she does not care to attempt it again but admits that the success of the first attempt was worth the effort.

If anyone is charitably inclined at the present moment he or she can put some money into the movement to good advantage by increasing the small library. Two hundred books were obtained from the Library of Hawaii and now every book is in circulation.

"But we must have a new building if we are to expand and grow," declares McVey. "We are cooped up now in the one structure and every meeting, indoor game, class and contest is held within its doors and seldom is there room for more than one thing at a time. Even the library is hidden away in a closet at one end.

Kiddies Need a New Building

"The building for which I have already drawn up plans wouldn't cost very much but would be a wonderful addition and help to the child life of our community. I have saved money already out of the yearly budget allotted me and if I can raise the neces-

sary balance, and I believe I can, we shall soon have something more to offer the kiddies.

"My plan for the new building is to have the upstairs portion set aside for the church and Sunday school and the lower floor of a two-story structure to be utilized for the cooking and sewing classes and other vocational work which may be started for the girls. The old building then would be given over entirely to athletics and to what manual training equipment might be installed for the boys."

The boys and girls up Kalihi way are similar to children all over the earth; they present disturbing problems under the most favorable circumstances, but considered as a whole the wholesome influence of the activities, organizations and athletics of the Kalihi Union Church playground are apparent.

All Are Americans
Like other schools and playgrounds in Honolulu there are the "57 varieties," more or less, of nationalities and race combinations and although one might think that to handle the youth of so many countries would be a trying task, it has been found that most of the children are more American than anything else and that the plans and systems of the mainland schools are adaptable here, with some modifications.

In Kalihi there are many more things to be done. McVey plans more athletics for the girls and work in oratory and drama; other clubs may be organized from time to time; but essential for all this is the new building. Whatever trials there may be for Mr. and Mrs. McVey in their new work; whatever troubles may arise to obstruct their otherwise smooth and pleasant path, there is always a light of hope shining ahead, through the windows of the proposed new home for kiddies—for the manufacture of manly men and true women.

SUPREME COURT CONSIDERS LAW OF COMPENSATION

New York Statute is Alleged to Conflict With Admiralty Court Jurisdiction

While the New York Workmen's Compensation law may differ in various respects from that of Hawaii's there are points which the two have in common in principle and a supreme court decision which is to be rendered relative to the constitutionality of the New York statute will have its effect upon the enforcement of the Hawaiian law. This is especially so in regard to conflict between the territorial courts and the courts of admiralty. The following Associated Press correspondence is therefore of local interest.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The New York workmen's compensation statute was enacted in 1913 and reenacted in 1914 after the state constitution had been amended to not a decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Ives case, which held that the 1910 compulsory compensation law was void because in conflict with the state constitution.

The law requires employers of labor engaged in certain hazardous business to insure their employees against accident, the state industrial commission determining the amount to be paid in each case by the insurance company. Certain corporations able to carry their own insurance may do so.

Four Test Cases Brought

In four test cases the constitutionality of the statute was brought before the supreme court, the cases involving, particularly its application: (1) To employees on vessels, engaged in interstate commerce, injured while within New York state; (2) to workmen injured while unloading steamships within New York, and (3) to employees of interstate railroads injured without negligence by their employers, otherwise within the provisions of the federal employers' liability law. Its application in all these cases was sustained by the state courts.

The Southern Pacific company tested an award under the law to the widow and children of Christian Jensen, killed while unloading a steamer at New York; the Clyde Steamship Company appealed an award to William A. Walker, a stevedore injured at New York; and the New York Central Railroad Company raised the question of the law's application to railroad employees in interstate commerce, appealing an award based upon the accidental killing of Jacob White, a night watchman for buildings and tracks being constructed for interstate commerce, and another award to James Winfield, a track walker, who lost an eye from a flying stone while tamping gravel.

All of these cases were argued in February and March, 1916, and since have been held under advisement.

Attack Validity Generally

In general, validity of the New York law was attacked on the grounds that it failed to limit awards for accidents due to negligence; imposed a

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LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS ON THE PLATTSBURG MILITARY CAMP---BY A ROOKIE

Joseph R. Farrington Tells of Discipline at Big Gathering of Young Men Who Believe in National Preparedness

By JOSEPH R. FARRINGTON
(Joseph R. Farrington, Honolulu boy, is attending the University of Wisconsin and during the summer "soldiered" in the noted Plattsburg camp. This is one of a series of articles he is writing for the Star-Bulletin.)

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 3.—It was the third Sunday that I had been in the training camp at Plattsburg and the Sunday before that Thursday afternoon when the rookies left headquarters with full equipment on the much heralded hike of the last week. The "top" sergeant, a rookie himself, serving his second camp, poked his megaphone out of the door of his nice board-floor tent and said this:

"Company A, heads out!" In a clear and irritatingly commanding voice, and then as we poked our heads out, like dogs in a dog show at the sound of approaching grub, he said this:

"There will be an inspection of feet this morning!"

Whereupon I was prompted to write the following, which I quote from my notebook as a product of a contemporary inspiration: "That there would be an inspection of feet is the announcement and immediate inspiration which prompts the following. I have thought of it ever since I have been here, but this brings it home more forcibly—that you are man, the brute, the animal, in the modern army. And this is merely incidental to the actual realization of the fact that war is hell. A double hackneyed expression, but who ever said it better?"

"Briefly, these are my first impressions of Plattsburg. One of my bunkies says he is impressed with how close to natural conditions we come in our life in the army. This

impression, that we are not human, but animals in any army, seems quite general."

That morning, at 8 o'clock the call to prepare for inspection was sounded and the captain followed by lieutenants and the first sergeant started on the round of tents. It was a rainy and damp morning, but everything progressed as usual.

This was the usual Sunday morning inspection, the only work of the day, barring the meals; yes, they were put in spick and span condition, every mattress doubled back on the half of the cot farthest away from the door, blankets folded just so and laid on top of the mattresses, and all equipment except guns arranged in prescribed order on the other half of the cots; everything from tent pegs to bayonet as clean as could be and all there, down to the tent ropes.

Perched on the mattresses on the far end of the cot sat the man with full uniform on, and doing their best to settle comfortably on that little space without getting their feet on to the floor of sand, for every man's shoes and stockings had been removed for this cursory inspection of feet.

The captain came around to my tent about twenty minutes after the inspection had started. We jumped into position per prescription and above description. He stuck his head into the tent and followed it with the rest of himself, all dressed up in his Sunday best, and I recall it very readily, said this, most pleasantly and as far from apologetically as he could: "If any of you men have sore feet, blisters or callouses report to the dispensary this morning. This inspection is called for in orders from regi-

mental headquarters so we have to do it."

That much and no more. Our feet were in good enough condition to allow our staying away from the dispensary for foot treatment, but I don't blame the captain for not inspecting them. And no man in the tent seemed over enthusiastic about the inspection for they all agreed after that little speech of the captain's that Captain Beachem sure was a fine fellow.

The Sunday morning inspection was but one of many and it was one of endless occasions when we were arranged, ready, or waiting, in some kind of military formation. Inspections, formations and parades were everlasting, the curse of the work to the previous free and undisciplined rookie, a distressingly time-wasting system to the businessman rookie, but just what appealed to the lover-of-ceremony, brass-button rookie.

I was more interested in seeing what the officer was doing during the inspections and parades, interested in what he would say about the cleanliness of my rifle, and in parades how well they looked and marched. I was once told that my rifle would "never do" at an inspection, but do not think I turned white like number one in the rear rank of my squad when he was told that his rifle was not in proper condition. He was the most conscientious man in the company and that is one reason I concluded he would never make a good soldier.

Then on the occasion of battalion parades, I nearly always turned my eyes out of their sockets trying to watch the officers, to the side and in front of the companies, without turning my head; that is not to say anything about the curse of curses in parades—the fly—who has every advantage over you, for you can't swat without being noticed by everyone in sight.

The story of our work and life at Plattsburg is as much one of calls and formations as of anything else. In our first week's work when we devoted morning to drill, to learning the fundamentals, to march and carry our guns, to go through squad and com-

pany movements and to do the manual of arms, and the afternoons to more drill with more talks and with special emphasis on the preliminary shooting practice, we lived according to this program:

At 5:45 the first call was sounded and at 6 o'clock every man was standing at attention in ranks and under arms. This was reveille. The next call came at 6:30 when we formed without hats or equipment and marched down to the mess shacks which were just off the east end of the company street. In the meantime the tent orderly, the man picked out by the corporal, picked up the tent and put the rubbish pile out in front of the tent where the "police" squad could get it.

The police squad is of special interest. Each squad is assigned to police duty in the order in which they stand in the company. It is the duty of this squad to police the street, to keep it clean throughout the day, clean that nice board floor tent in which the first lieutenant and the first sergeant lived, see that every other tent in the company was clean, get the mail, leave a man on duty to guard camp while the men were in the field, and do other really disagreeable duties.

Besides the squad which is assigned to police duty, there are always those men who had committed some breach of discipline and were given police duty. They had to do the dirty work. There were usually two or three of them every day. Police duty was assigned for everything from dropping your gun, which was the favorite excuse for this kind of discipline, to laughing in the mess shacks before given the order to take seats. Some one in the company who sat near to me in the mess shack was given police duty when I was talking one brisk morning. Now, whether the officer heard me or not I do not know, but the fellow who was spotted did not protest, as rookies sometimes do, so I guess he was talking too, although I suppose it was me the officer heard. On another day I dropped my gun in the field and the first lieutenant took my name to fool me, which he did not do, for he did not put it down, and

I missed an opportunity to enjoy police duty. He usually stuck one of the company "goats" when he was short of men for police duty.

To continue the program of the day, we were called at 6:30 for breakfast. We ate and got out of the mess shacks as fast as we could go and back to the company street. At this time the street was raked, and after the first five days our packs rolled. We had only two blankets, and since we had to use both of them to sleep under at night and had to carry one of them in the packs which we always carried, the packs had to be undone at night, and remade every morning. If you got any time to wash you got it now, for the next call did not come until 7:20.

The day's work began at 7:20. At that time we marched out on the drill field without equipment and drilled until 8:30 from eight to 8:30 we were given calisthenics. After a few physical cocktails, as Capt. Koehler chose to call some of his trying exercises, we hastened back to the company street, had five or 10 minutes to get our equipment and arms on and then left camp for the morning, to return at 11:30, usually hot, dirty and tired. The noon mess call came at 12 o'clock.

The afternoon work was lighter than that of the morning. It began with a formation at 1:45 and ended at 4:30, usually an hour or half hour earlier, depending on how well or how rapidly we did the required work. At this stage of the game we got cleaned up, took a shower bath or a dip in the lake, for at 5:10 retreat was sounded. Then we were dressed in our blouses and spooled up generally. Some times we went through the manual of arms at this time or heard directions until retreat was sounded, when the whole camp stood at parade rest until the call to colors, or "The Star Spangled Banner" was played, when everybody came to attention. At 6 another of those welcome mess calls came. At about 7 the call for conference was sounded when there was a conference, and there usually was. At 9:30 call to quarters was sounded and

by 10 taps were sounded and lights were out.

All of this every day. During the second week, which we spent on the range, we were aroused at 4:45 and while we were not on the range took practice marches. On the hike we were also called this early. The last call at night was made half an hour earlier than.

We ate in mess shacks which were long low shelters protected from some flies by mosquito wire, but a cage for a great many more. We ate at great long wooden tables which were at about the height of our chins when we were seated on the long benches which served as chairs. We were marched in there by one of the lieutenants and stood at attention, planning at the same time to get what there was in front of us quick before it started down the table as soon as the order "Take seats" was given.

If table manners reflect upon one I hope they did not here. Not that everybody forgot his manners entirely, but because it became a necessity to do some hasty passing and long stretching to get what there was to eat. The tin dishes must have had something to do with the hasty start, for as soon as the signal to start was given everybody clambered into place and there was a kitchen-like clang of "eating tools" as the mess sergeant chose to call them. The average rookie was satisfied to take his share and be decent, but there happened to be amongst this democratic midst others as well as gentlemen. I have in mind one fellow, well known to our table, who inevitably reached for the dessert, usually bread or rice pudding, as soon as the starting signal was given, and before he sat down, thus getting a tremendous helping and a good start. Well, the rest went pretty rapidly, for we ate like "man, the brute," as I was inspired to write before.

The food was good, but not dainty. The meat was often a la shoe leather, and a rookie sitting at the table across from me put a tack into his mouth with some string beans one

noon, but we always had lots of good milk and usually plenty to eat. The food was generally quite starchy, but supposedly exactly what would be demanded by the hard work we were doing.

It was during these hasty meals, in short rests in our tents and on the field, that many very pleasant acquaintances were made. There were men from every walk of life in the company and the squad, and these were generally as fine fellows as can be found anywhere.

The eight men in each tent, sleeping, eating and marching together, soon became well acquainted with each other. And unfortunate was the man who was thrown in with unlikable mates, for they must be with each other constantly for a month. In this respect, I considered myself most fortunate, for the men in my tent were gentlemen in every sense of the word. Only two of us had ever seen each other before, and these two had come together from Boston; but before we left we were all friends, well acquainted with each other's failings and likewise each other's powers if we had any.

Company spirit was very strong and Plattsburg spirit was equally strong. The men of my company looked upon Capt. Beachem as quite an ideal captain. We respected and admired him, asserting that if there was occasion to fight we would trust Captain Beachem to the last ditch. We cheered him like veterans when, on the last day of the hike, he appeared on horse, acting as major in place of the other major who had been transferred.

The great majority of the men in the camp were college graduates. The majority of them were young men, but at least 40 per cent were men over 30. There were probably more Harvard men there than from any other college. Princeton was second, then Yale, Columbia and other large eastern universities were represented there by about equal numbers of men.

Many at Plattsburg, especially among the older men, said they

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